

THE  
P R O G R E S S  
O F  
P O L I T I C S.

T H T

P R O G R A M

P O

THE  
P R O G R E S S  
O F  
P O L I T I C S;  
O R,  
A K E Y  
T O  
P R I O R's A L M A,  
F I R S T C A N T O.

---

Fummo (io no 'l nego) in quel Conflitto vinti:  
Pur non mancò Virtute al gran Pensiero.  
Hebbero i piu felici allor Vittoria:  
Rimase à Noi d' invitto ardir la Gloria.

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p<sup>®</sup>

THE

P R O G R E S S

P O L I T I C S

A K E

P R I O R A L L

P I N T O A T

Formo (to no 1 reg) 3 pol (Columbian vint)

It is a new edition of the 1st edition

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O L D O

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M T O C L A S S



HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**P**ERMIT me, Sir, to lay at your Feet,  
*the trifling Production of two or three  
sleepless Nights, occasioned by the present me-  
lancholy Situation of our Affairs.* — Like the  
\* worthy Baronet, I feel my little Performance  
stand in Need of every indulgent Excuse,  
though I have not yet learnt to claim a  
Sanction from Party Zeal for any *personal*

\* *Vide* some Verses read in the House of Commons  
by Sir R. H.

Re-

*Reflections*, nor to make a Difference in political Opinions, a Motive for *illiberal Aspersions*.  
 —If indeed I do not compliment Your Royal Highness on some of the late *extraordinary Successes* which have blest the Arms of his Majesty and *his Allies*, the sorrowful Respect I bear to the Memory of one of mine, and Your Royal Highness's *deceased Friends*, will, I hope, acquit me of this small Breach of Duty to my Sovereign:—I would not willingly distress your Feelings on the mournful Subject; but if Your Royal Highness should trace, in the following Lines, any of the Sentiments of your *departed Friend*, I shall glory in having brought back some of his Virtues to your Recollection, and may hereafter be tempted to treasure up his Documents as a Legacy to bequeath to his *abandoned and hopeless Posterity*.

*rity.*—With earnest Sollicitations for Your Royal Protection, and with every anxious Hope that the Offspring may prove itself worthy your generous Care and Attention, I subscribe myself

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most devoted and obedient

humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.



With earnest solicitations for Your  
Royal Protection, and with every anxious  
Hope that the Offspring may prove itself  
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THE AUTHOR

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T H E

P R O G R E S S   O F   P O L I T I C S .

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**M**ATTHEW met RICHARD—

Very true,

But what is that to me or you :

Will nothing now go down but PRIOR ?

Come, fill your Glafs, and stir the Fire ;

Then for his Muse my Zeal to shew you,

I'll toast to you his favourite Chloe—

But ALMA—for that haunts my Brain,

Must sure some Mystery contain ;

Would such a Poet introduce

Grave Hints at Sense without a Use ?

B

Tell

Tell us as Matter of Opinion,  
 That Oyfters fmell unlike an Onion?  
 Or bring the Stagyrte to prove  
 That Eyes can fee, and Feet can move?  
 Would he build Verfe without Design?  
 No, no, my Friend; but drink your Wine,  
 And chatting on the *prefent Times*  
 Will beft explain the Poet's Rhymes—  
 The *prefent Times*—at any Rate  
 I fee you'd finifh the Debate;  
 But you, as well as I, muft know  
 That PRIOR lived fome Years ago.  
 You Verfemen mighty Feats can do,  
 But then you have your Boundaries too:  
 And though you bring *Ideal Legions*  
 To people your poetic Regions;  
 Yet ftill the Copyift we find,  
 Or in the Thing, or in the Mind:



The present Strifes of Whig and Tory,  
Can they relate to ALMA's Story?  
Or could the Cause be fairly stated,  
So long before it was created?

Does Husband, judging of the End,  
Soon as the Virgin Zone's undone,  
To GAINSBOROUGH or Sir JOSHUA send,

To paint his Child at twenty-one——  
Or think you, (for your love to quote)

When reading of the Caudian Streights,  
The shrewd Historian, whilst he wrote,

E'er dreamt of BURGOYNE or of GATES?  
What Farmer ever brings his Wheat

As Sample of the next Year's Crop;  
Or, 'cause his Grain is full and sweet,

Supposes——

Will you never stop?

Like RICHARD, plainly I perceive  
 You think it humble to believe;  
 Like him too, whilst you raise Objections,  
 Fancy you're making sage Reflections:  
 But if you grant the Passions' Aim,  
 In every State of Man's the same;  
 To satisfy his private Ends,  
 And then accommodate his Friends;  
 The Courtiers Pride, the Patriots Spleen,  
 Renew but many a former Scene;  
 Whilst Fox and PITT beyond the Rest,  
 Are Actors who perform the best:  
 And PRIOR's System's just as clever,  
 And applicable now as ever.

“ ALMA in Verse, in Prose the Mind;  
 For now I must explain, I find;

“ Throughout the Body, squat or tall,

“ Is *bona fide* All in All:

“ And yet flap-dash is all again”——

Hold, Hold—whilst in poetic Vein

You think you’ve found this hidden Treasure,

Vary at least the Poet’s Strain,

And change his Words, if not his Measure.

This ALMA, or Ambition’s Mould,

The *Pittite Party* firmly hold

To be diffus’d throughout the Nation,

The Stamp of public Approbation ;

Proclaims aloud the People’s Voice,

And sanctifies the Monarch’s Choice;

Prefides at Town and County Meeting,

And promises a Courtly Greeting.

The *Foxites* they again cry down

These bold Incroachments of the Crown ;

And



And freely say (upon my Word  
With small Respect to GEORGE the Third)  
That all Addressees thus collected  
Is Smuggling Royally protected —

ALMA, they ready are to own,  
“ Sits Cock-Horse on the Sovereign’s Throne :”  
And each *raff* Boy, without a Guide,  
Rais’d up by him, may get astride :  
But yet in vain he’ll strive to stir,  
Till Commons lend him *Whip and Spur*.

Though, SANCHO like, in wooden Flight,  
Still pressing closer to his Master,  
He wonders at his towering Height,

And thinks he makes him go the faster —  
This once explain’d, ’tis clearly seen,  
What all the *Nerves and Senses* mean :  
What are they, but, in other Words,  
The *secret Spies*, the *Back-Stair Lords* ?

Like

Like them “ through each Canal they roll,  
 “ Bring up a Sample of the Whole,  
 And as the Brain is *strong or weak*,  
 More forcibly or feebly speak.

Thus whilst as Judge the Sovereign fits,

“ Receiving the Attorney’s Writs :

Hearing the noble Counsel plead

*His Right* to justify the Deed :

Of Lords and Bishops packs a Jury,

And then decides *divino Jure*.

Strange that one Word, *Prerogative*,

Should two such separate Notions give :

Both Parties own it *is extended* ;

But then the Matter’s not much mended,

Since ’tis in different Degrees,

And neither will agree in these.

Both grant, tis true, the Royal Pleasure,

Must sanctify each public Measure ;

And

And that, without the Sovereign's Will,  
The grand Machine of State stands still.

Just step with me to CUMMIN's Shop,

There I can best explain this Notion:

That Pendulum the Clock *may stop*,

But *other Wheels* support its Motion:

"Why should all Honour then be ta'en

"From lower Parts to load the Brain,"

Expressly marks that *Power illicit*:

But hold, and I'll be more explicit—

The Sovereign, in the Law's Opinion,

Rules absolute in his Dominion;

Confers at Will all Power and Place,

Dependent on his Royal Grace:

And thus his Nobles good Behaviours,

Secures by managing his Favours.

This with an Army to command,

And Fleet to line fair ALBION's Strand,

Would



Would scarce, I think, more Freedom leave us,  
Than Royal Bounty chose to give us.

Here pray observe how very pat

My Simile will answer that.

Examine well the Clock of State,

And view each Wheel's prodigious Weight;

Then mark that small One in the Centre,

Where every circling Tooth must enter :

Clog only this, and 'twill be found

The others cannot make a Round.

*'Tis Money makes the Mare to go,*

And to that Point, you see, I'm leaning :

The Proverb's rather trite, I know,

But full significant its Meaning——

Thus, though the Sovereign wear the Laurel,

“ The Commons must support the Quarrel :

And though he bid his Foes Defiance,

Can only stir with their Compliance :

Command he does by Sea and Land,  
 But Troops *uncloath'd* and Ships *unmann'd*;  
 And till his Commons make it *real*,  
 His Sovereignty is all *ideal*.  
 Nay, waving every big Design,  
 Without them poorly would he dine;  
 And all his Servants Food and Raiment  
 Is furnish'd from their annual Payment——  
 “ What matters it indeed to shew,  
 “ How to the Head the Spirits go,  
 Is only following Freedom's Course,  
 And mounting upwards to its Source.  
 What signifies it where it rose,  
 If that its Channel purely flows;  
 And like the Nile, in proper Drains  
 Is thence convey'd through Freedom's Plains.  
 But did not Laws ordain a Bound  
 To each Canal, and separate Mound;

One Farmer *opening all his Sluices*  
 Might drain at once the *annual Juices*;  
 Another *shutting his in Haste*,  
 His Neighbour's Grounds lay all to Waste:  
 And Ægypt's fertile Fields declare  
 How Politic's each jealous Care —

FILMER indeed Examples brings  
 To prove the *Right divine* of Kings:  
 " That Eyes were made, but could not view  
 " Nor Hands embrace, nor Feet pursue,  
 Is but the Poet's happy Fiction,  
 To laugh at Reason's Contradiction:  
 Pursuing Nature's simple Course,  
 Man never knew his *proper Force*,  
 Till some more bold ambitious Knave  
 First made him Murderer, then a Slave:  
 Taught him through Blood and Desolation,  
 In Patriot Rage to raise a Nation;



And then assumed the *sacred Trust*,  
 Since Heaven had proved the *Conquest just*.  
 Till at the last poor Man's Opinion,  
 Aw'd by the Terror of Dominion,  
 Submitted to the *Heaven-born Hero*,  
 Whether a TITUS or a NERO:  
 Thus China's Sovereign knows no Rule,  
 But what he learns in Empire's School;  
 And Heirs to Mahomet's *holy Worth*  
 Enjoy their Paradife on Earth——

But Nature finding that her Work  
 Would not both fuit a *Swiss and Turk*,  
 Was forced at length to take her Measure  
 Or to the Mind's or Climate's Pleasure:  
 For Freedom's Sons she fram'd a Soul  
 That would be free, yet knew Controul;  
 Those under a despotic Sway  
 She form'd with Tempers to obey:

And

“ And like a good experienced Taylor,  
 “ Examining nicely every Failure,  
 Each fashion'd to the true Intent,  
 And Purport of his Government :

PITT, THURLOW, and DUNDAS allow,  
 (Lawyers and Statesmen ought to know)

*Prerogative is absolute :*

This Doctrine t'other Side dispute ;

For Fox and MANSFIELD both combin'd,

And greater Names 'twere hard to find,

Affert, without Prevarication,

The Crown's *immediate Limitation* ——

What from this Difference must ensue ?

And what can Country Members do ?

One has been taught the Constitution

Totters with this Day's *Resolution* :

And nothing but a PITT's Discernment

Supports it to the next Adjournment :

Another

Another sees *this Buttreſs* riſe,  
 And dares the *Architeſt* adviſe;  
 But all in Vain, *the Royal Teams*  
 Drag to the Houſe the *pond'rous Beams*,  
 Which threaten, whiſt the Work is doing,  
 To cruſh them all beneath its Ruin——

Oh could my Muſe but reconcile  
 Theſe jarring Spirits for a While;  
 Invent ſome Syſtem to unite,  
 The Monarch's with the People's Right;  
 And gratify, on ſure Foundation,  
 The Hopes and Wiſhes of the Nation:

But who e'er found in Party Cafes

Mankind by Patriot Virtue led,  
 And Schemes without Regard to Places,  
 Are always ſlighted, ſeldom read.

Thus



Thus in pursuing ALMA's Flight,  
 Reflect but on a Statesman's Glory,  
 And then you'll see, as clear as Light,  
 The Aptness of the Poet's Story —  
 First with him let us now suppose,  
 " That ALMA enters at the Toes :  
 In Metaphor (a Poet's Trick)  
 This means the Body Politic ;  
 Where in Affairs of State you'll find  
 The lowest Parts to Youth assign'd ;  
 Till mounted on Ambition's Wings,  
 Th' aspiring Genius upwards springs :  
 Onwards he flies from Post to Post,  
 His Country's Pride, his Party's Boast :  
 Till check'd by Interest in the Race,  
 He *nestles in some Parent-Place* ;  
 " And thence compell'd by Craft and Age,  
 " A Peerage makes his latest Stage.

Your

Your Arguments appear, 'tis true,  
 Like something shrewd, and something new;  
 But Ministers of *Modern Making*,  
 I'm sure unhinge your Undertaking:  
 Nor can I much admire a Creed  
 So little follow'd——But proceed——

There many Members are, you'll grant,  
 Much less *from Principle*, than *Want*;  
 Who long before they've learnt to speak,  
 Are summon'd once or twice a Week,  
 At Leader's Call to come and go,  
 And register their Aye and No——  
 But should there lurk some *Sense of Feeling*,  
 Which *Men unplaced* are apt to deal in;  
 And hurt to see with Vote confin'd,  
 The Treasury Bench so fatly lin'd;  
 One *prudently respects* the Cause  
 Where more was gain'd than mere Applause:

Each Management, each Art is tried,  
 To sooth his Passions, rouse his Pride :  
 Till Party gains its full Ascendant,  
 Poor he remains, but *independant*,  
 And waits, in all his Dealings nice,  
 A Change of Times, and better Price :  
 Unhappy Youth, with such a Trust,  
 Who might be rich, *yet must be just*.

For Patriot Party now grown stronger  
 By some, or tired of waiting longer,  
 Or judging that the Ebb of Tide  
 Might leave aground their present Side :  
 Wanted no more, " If then he kick,  
 " Or shew a Loco-Motive Trick,  
 Scorn'd for deserting *Honour's Pledge*,  
 He's left *like Tools without an Edge*.

Mark too, I beg, from earliest Age,  
 That Youth in Politics engage,

D

How



How eagerly each Business courts,  
 Second a Motion, make Reports,  
 Bring up a Bill, consult Records,  
*Or watch the House be clear of Lords;*  
 Till gaining, by these little Arts,  
 A Sort of busy useful Parts,  
 In Turns become, as very fit is,  
 Good Chairmen of select Committees.  
 Needless it were——

Sir, if your Muse  
 You only sport with to abuse,  
 Be bold enough at least to face  
*Alone the Censure and Disgrace!*  
 Why, though your Patriot Zeal be hot,  
 Must PRIOR countenance the Plot?  
 He never meant that ALMA's Matter,  
 Should be the Vehicle of Satyr;

It seems to me too, *torret Jecur*  
 Applies but ill to House or Speaker :  
 And then again *in Cor stillavit*  
 Is proper as Love's Affidavit ;  
 But puzzling 'twere, I think, to prove  
 Our Politics akin to Love.  
 Sir, if you're willing to espouse  
 The Dignity of either House,  
 Try to restore their *faded Beauty* ;  
 To listen I shall think my Duty :  
 But wanton Exercise of Wit,  
 Such serious Subjects won't admit.

Well, well, 'twere best to quit a Tale  
 Where I can't laugh, but you must rail :  
 And shelter'd under RICHARD'S Shield,  
 Nor dare to fight, nor care to yield.  
 Full well the Poet's Explanation  
 Destroys the Force of each Quotation :

And marks with Irony beside  
 The Ridicule of learned Pride:  
 And sure it wants but half an Eye  
 The nice Allusions to descry:  
 “ *Jecur* they burn, and *Cor* they pierce,  
 The Poet says, as suits the Verse:  
 How could he better state the Case  
 Of Tempers, *in and out of Place*?  
 Or how take in, with fairer Scope,  
 Success, and disappointed Hope?  
 PITT can to \* Times his Feelings fashion,  
 But ERSKINE’S always in a Passion——

“ The Heart that beats at the Tattoo  
 Is finely figurative too;

\* *Vide* his admirable Quotation from Livy, in Answer to General  
 Conway: —— *Modestia certè, et temperando Linguae, Adolescens Senem*  
*vicero.* Like Scipio too he gained his Point by it.

And



And in contemptuous Language paints  
 That Herd of *Ministerial Saints*;  
 Who at the Treasury-Altar bow,  
 There offer up their Faith and Vow;  
 Not doubting, though in \* *different Drefs,*  
 The Virgin's holy *Power to blefs.*  
 But some there are whose "Hearts on high  
 Start at each Call of Liberty:  
 Whose generous Courage guards our Laws,  
 Unmov'd by Censure or Applause,  
 Which *rais'd by Smiles, or bought by Power,*  
 In Ignominy pass an Hour:

\* In many of the Catholic Churches abroad, the Virgin Mary has a magnificent Change of Apparel for every Week, and suited to the different Seasons of the Year——The Priest, who is Keeper of her Wardrobe, frequently, to save Trouble, has several Dolls ready drefs'd, which alternately supply the vacant Nich, and then become Objects of pious Veneration.

And

And then return with Grief and Shame,  
Like Prostitutes, to virtuous Fame :  
Oh Powys, whilst my Muse indites,  
The World *will* know to whom she writes——

And thou too, Fox, on India's Coast,  
*On hidden Shoals and Quicksands* lost ;  
Though sunk in Avarice, dead to Shame,  
Directors may proscribe thy Name ;  
And glorying in their *Charter'd Rights*,  
In Eastern Splendor pass their Nights :  
The feeling Heart shall mourn your Fate,  
And pointing to *each annual Freight*,  
Tear base Suspicion from the Throne,  
And bid a pitying Monarch own,  
Humanity your " Sails unfurl'd,"  
You risk'd your Fate, *to save a World.*

Bravo,



Bravo, my Friend ! Compassion's Theme  
 May reconcile me to your Scheme :  
 When with such Proofs your Verse you season,  
 'Tis tiresome to consult our Reason.  
 Proofs — Want I them ? Come, Pr'ythee fill—  
 Waiter, a Bottle and a Bill——

*Note,* If the Public should find any Amusement in the Illustration  
 of this first Part of the System, the Author may be tempted to  
 pursue the Progress of it through the subsequent Cantos.

T H E E N D.



Bravo, my Friend! Compassion's Theme  
May reconcile me to your Scheme:  
When with such Proofs your Verbe you reason,  
'Tis time to consult our Reason.  
Proofs—Want I them? Come, Pr'ythee fill—  
Waiter, a Bottle and a Bill—

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